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# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## *EUTHANATOS.*

Forth of our ways and woes,
Forth of the winds and snows,
A white soul soaring goes,
Winged like a dove:
So sweet, so pure, so clear,
So heavenly tempered here,
Love need not hope or fear her change above:

Ere dawned her day to die,
So heavenly, that on high
Change could not glorify
Nor death refine her:
Pure gold of perfect love,
On earth like heaven's own dove,
She cannot wear, above, a smile diviner.

Her voice in heaven's own choir
Can sound no heavenly lyre
Than here: no purer fire
Her soul can soar:
No sweeter stars her eyes
In unimagined skies
Beyond our sight can rise than here before.

Hardly long years had shed
Their shadows on her head:
Hardly we think her dead,
Who hardly thought her
Old: hardly can believe
The grief our hearts receive,
And wonder while they grieve, as wrong were wrought her.

But though strong grief be strong,
No word or thought of wrong
May stain the trembling song,
Wring the bruised heart,
That sounds or sighs its faint
Low note of love, nor taint
Grief for so sweet a saint, when such depart.

—*Selected from an Old Scrap Book.*

## *OUR DEPARTED.*

Surely there is no person of human kind who does not wish to believe those whom we love and have lost awhile are conscious of their friends and are spectators of our lot. It were a peculiar grief to conclude either that we had been blotted out from their memory or that they had no knowledge of our life. When they leave us and their ship disappears in the west, we recognize and bow before the inevitable order of things: we are also fully aware that this ship will not return after a space, and, as reasonable people, we do not linger on the quay in vain regrets, but at once set ourselves to duty with a steadfast heart. It might seem to those not yet initiated into this mystery of sorrow that we had lost little or could forget at will, but this is not the way of the heart. How much the voyagers have taken with them! What a void they have left! Gone from our sight and our affairs, they are enshrined in our memory and more than ever are lords of our love. It were an immense consolation to know that they have us in their hearts, and that although they have passed into the other world, yet from their vantage ground they follow us as we pursue our measured way, and that, if we could see, the distant clouds which overhang us are human faces. Is this only a fond imagination?

If one goes by reason, and God has surely not given us this noble faculty only to deceive, we may well cherish this confidence. It were incredible that the scissors of death, which evidently cuts off this present life and separates a man from his physical environment, should also cut off his memory, and isolate him forever from his dearest interests. When one crosses the dark ocean and settles

on the other side distance does not obliterate the old world: rather it flings it into relief and endears what is unseen. For the past to be blotted out were to annihilate the person, who could no longer say I after this detachment, but would begin life again as another person. Is it not more reasonable as well as more just that the noble souls who imagined, suffered, and died in the cause of God, Patriarchs, Prophets, Martyrs, should see the Day of Christ and the victory of righteousness? And is it not also fitting that a mother who has planned great things for her son and died before they were fulfilled, should behold the answer to her prayers and be satisfied? This is how it ought to be in a reasonable universe and this therefore we conclude is how it is, unless God intends to put us to confusion.

This conclusion of reason is confirmed by at least one passage in Holy Scripture, and that is an incident in the life of our Lord. As every one must have noticed, Jesus, while in this world, ever suggested another of which he was a native. He was in constant touch with the unseen: he was ever under its influence: he responded to its impressions. Angels ministered to him; the heavens opened above his head: voices were heard calling him the Beloved Son of God. If ever the veil between the worlds should be lifted, it would be through him the Chief Saint of Religion and the Sent One of God, the visible link between the worlds.

No doubt this belief collides with a certain idea of conventional piety that a person admitted into heaven will be so absorbed in the contemplation of God, or the celebration of his praise, or the enjoyment of his own high estate—it may be put one way or another —that he will be removed far above former ties and earthly considerations. Which sounds plausible and seems beautiful, but if you look into it is not Christian or religious. Suppose that the head of a household fighting with his family the hard battle of life and enduring many trials, should emigrate to the new world and there come into great affluence. Would not his first thought, so far as he was a true-hearted man, be of the patient wife and clinging children he had left, and if through any hindrance of circumstances he could not at once share with them his felicity, would he not pursue them with his thoughts and prayers? What piety is that which rests on disloyalty? Is not love the surest evidence of communion with God? Various heavens have been imagined which do not attract or elevate, but one of sheer selfishness is surely the worst.

It may, however, be very fairly urged that if the departed live in constant sympathy with us in our lower place they must come short of heaven. If they see our trials and agonies, our afflictions and sorrows, our temptations and sins, or even our failings and weaknesses, to say nothing of our physical dangers and pains, must they not miss the safety and joy of heaven? Were it left to our decision, would we not choose rather that our friends should be cut off from all knowledge of us by the thick veil of oblivion than that from their splendid distance and in their high helplessness they should see and suffer? But are we not too apt to conclude that peace and suffering are inconsistent? Has the Eternal been secluded from all knowledge of human life during those ages? Has not the cry of the miserable been ever in his ears? has not his heart been melted within him? Was it not on this account that he sent his Son and endured his dying prayer? Did not Christ rise from the dead and sit down on the right hand of the divine Majesty, and yet does he not share in all the labors and pains of his disciples? Pity and sympathy are not the contradiction of spiritual joy: they are two of its elements.

We must remind ourselves that the departed will regard life with other eyes than ours. From our lowest standpoint, still in the mists of the valley, suffering seems an unmixed calamity, and we had made a world without the possibility of pain or sin. With their clear vision looking from the heights they will not make moan over this Gethsemane with its bitter cryings and bloody sweat. What even we dimly feel to be a good in the midst of our conflict, is to them a perfect triumphant principle, because they behold the end of all things. They see life whole, not only Abraham's exile, but also Abraham's portion; not only St. Stephen's stones, but also St. Stephen's crown; not only St. Paul's long martyrdom, but also St. Paul's unspeakable reward. From their vantage ground they see the son in the misery of the far country, and again at home a better son. When we are under the sharp knife, they will not complain of Providence, nor be in despair of us, for already we are again healed and strong. Children pity themselves at school, because of the toil and discipline; we of older age envy them and wish we were again at school, that by our patience we might earn richer possessions. If in this world St. Paul gloried in his afflictions, anticipating their peaceable fruits, is he likely to weep over another sinner who agonizes to obtain his crown?

The conviction that the departed are not

dead, or unconscious, or indifferent to us, their poor relations, but are alive forevermore, full of activity and constantly mindful of us—what may be called the sense of the departed—has various excellent effects. For one thing it invests the unseen world with reality, so that we are not repelled by the thought of an unknown inhospitable foreign shore. Gradually, as we look across, the shadows take form and grow familiar; we recognize those whom we remember and would wish to see again. They are living there as they did in our homes; they are thinking of us as of old; they are ready to give us welcome; they will have much to tell us. And this faith can alone deliver us from vain regrets; for who has lost a friend and in the hour of reflection has been satisfied with himself? Wherein the departed failed you is forgotten, wherein you failed the departed is bitterly remembered. Too late, alas! one cannot now ask pardon. If the departed only could see the tears which have at last burst the barriers of pride, if they only knew the reparation one was making for their sake! Are they denied one of the chief satisfactions of the soul—that those whom we love are not unworthy? If there be joy in the presence of God's angels over the penitent, is there no share for his mother, whose prayers have at last been answered? It is a pity one cannot get a receipt for the debt he has paid, but let him be sure that it is cancelled.

And in the witness of the departed is one of the strong encouragements of life. We need not fear that they will regard us with critical and censorious eyes as we toil and strive; sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing in this sore conflict. They have been of like passions with ourselves: theirs also are now the infinite pity and charity of God. They continually believe in us as does our Lord Jesus Christ; they expect noble deeds and holy living of us; they beseech God continually on our behalf. If there be none left on earth to bid us good cheer and sustain our hearts, there be many on the other side, and as we run our ordered course the departed lean forward from their high places and stretch out their hands, rejoicing as we slip each weight, and forsake each sin, full of longing till we also reach the goal, and receive the crown.—*Ian Maclaren, in "The Potter's Wheel."*

## *THE STILL HOUR.*

### SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count. Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew.
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
To the clear moon! nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted,—nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak *thou*, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

### COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
  Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
  A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining One,
  Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
  Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
  A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
  To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
  A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

—*Whittier.*

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## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

### OFFERS.

The Brookline First Parish offers a pile of old numbers of *The Breeder's Gazette,* a weekly farming magazine. They are mostly of 1914 and 1915. Please address Mrs. H. F. Vickery, 263 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman Cheerful Letter Committee All Souls' Church, 17 East 38th Street, New York City, offers the following: "The Three Godfathers," Kyne; "One Night in Bethlehem," Dawson; "Put Yourself in His Place," Reade; "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan; "The Testing of Diana Mallory," Ward; "Little Sister Snow," Little; "The Lady of the Decoration," Little; "No Man's Land," Vance; "The Glory of the Conquered," Glaspell; "Beltane the Smith," Farnol; "Secret History," C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "Pratt Portraits," Anna Fuller; "A Far Country," Churchill; "Mystery of Mary," Lutz; "Prue and I," Curtis; 32 copies *Country Life in America,* 38 Copies *Unity* (a small New Thought magazine), 32 copies *Gleanings in Bee Culture,* 20 copies *Geographic Magazine,* 7 copies *Century Magazine,* 6 copies *North American Review,* 40 copies *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

For scraps for patchwork, for requests or for offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass.

For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

### REQUESTS.

1. *Youth's Companion,* 1916, is asked for by Mrs. Anna Reeder, Dewey, Illinois, R. 33, and Mrs. Joseph E. Broadway, Polkton, North Carolina, R. D. 3, Box 30.

2. Henrietta Bishop, Saconon, North Carolina, asks for cards and magazines.

3. Mrs. Grace C. Plymise, Oregonia, Ohio, R. 1, asks for a dictionary and books or magazines.

4. Mrs. P. Huton, Moclips, Washington, will be grateful for "Ben Hur," *Good Housekeeping, Pictorial Review,* and would like to be remembered on her birthday, May 20.

5. I live in a lonely place and have a large family,—nine children, eight boys and one girl. I should like some reading suitable for them, and I desire a New Testament with large print. Address, Mrs. Tiny Sneed, Big Springs, Tennessee, R. 1.

6. Mrs. Herbert Walker, Toshes, Virginia, asks for pictures and cards for her small boys.

7. I am a poor widow with six children, all nearly grown up, and I should like to receive books and magazines for myself and them. We live in the country twelve miles from town, and with no church or Sunday-school. We lost all we had in Texas and then came to Oklahoma. My husband died three years ago and I have been so lonely since. Two of my children go to school, but I am not able to buy books and clothes for them and it takes all the older ones can earn for us to live. We shall be very thankful for anything any one can send. The girls work

at anything they can get to do to make an honest living. They crochet when they can obtain the thread; but times are hard and we find it difficult to get anything. Address Mrs. M. F. Fisher, Korn, Oklahoma, Route 3, Box 45A.

8. This is the first time I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*. I am twenty-one years old and have been married four years; have two children, Effie and Joe. I want to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, with letters, books, and other reading for myself and picture books and magazines for the children. Address, Mrs. Ada L. Turner, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

9. I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the sixth grade. Will you please send me some good book to read? I have a little brother seven years old in the fourth grade. Please send him some good suitable book, too. Address, Gilie Belle James, Oakboro, North Carolina.

10. I am a farmer's wife with six children, three boys and three girls, aged from thirteen to four months. We are poor people and my health is very bad. Will some one send us something to read? Please send me a Bible with large print; my eyes are weak. The little girls would enjoy bits of calico or ribbon. Address, Mrs. Ada Bobbette, Sandy Level, Virginia.

11. I should be glad to be remembered with good reading for myself and aged father, who is crippled, having broken his ankle. Address, Mamie B. Mease, Sandy Level, Virginia, R. D. 1, Box 54.

12. We live on a farm in northern California. We came here just six months ago, having left our native home in the East about three years ago. We came to central Oregon and took up a homestead that was a dry country. We did not like it very well; but I like it better here. We can raise anything we plant. I have three children, the oldest a boy of twelve; next is a girl of ten years. They go to school all the time and are in the fourth and fifth grades. Then I have a little girl of five years. I am thirty-four. We take no papers or anything to read. We should be so glad to get some good reading of any kind. The children are very fond of books and pictures. We have no music in the house to entertain ourselves and we get very lonesome. I should be glad to get some picture books for my children and myself. I am very fond of story books and magazines. Address, Mrs. J. L. Hamby, Alton, California.

13. Mrs. Walter Hooper, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, will be glad of reading for herself and anything suitable to read to small children.

14. Mrs. Hallie Helms, Marshville, North Carolina, R. D. 2, asks for reading for herself and pictures for her little son.

15. Mrs. Pearl Traywick, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, is sad and depressed, having lost her only daughter, four years of age. She asks for cheer in the way of letters, reading, or cards. She has three little boys.

16. By mere chance a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* fell into my hands, which I found very interesting, and I want to join the Cheerful Letter Exchange by writing and receiving cheerful letters. I live in a strawberry country, and we have so very many poor berry pickers here whom it seems can hardly survive from one berry season to another. I should be glad to receive any good reading, which I may pass along to this poor class. You know, I believe there is a work to do along these lines among this class that the church is not doing. It is hard to reach this poor class of people. We have a compulsory school law, therefore all learn to read. It has always been my greatest ambition to help some little poor girl or boy who is too destitute to go to church. Oh, there is a world of good to be done along this line. And I feel that so few of us are doing what we could. So many think if they go to church that is all that is required. And the poor of our land hardly ever see the inside of a church, and feel that they shouldn't go to church because they are so poor. I tell you God loves this poor, dirty class, and we, as his workers, should help them come up higher. They have souls, and oh, how they do appreciate what we do for them! Anything you may send will be gladly received and passed along to as many as possible. Address, Mrs. B. F. Vaughn, Evensville, Tennessee.

17. Elizabeth Hicks, Monroe, Virginia, a little girl of seven years, and her little sister Helen, two years old, ask for story books and pictures. Send in care of Mrs. A. E. Hicks, R. D. 1.

18. I am writing to the *Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I have one child, a girl one year old 18th of February, 1916. I should greatly appreciate any good books or magazines for myself and husband. I enjoy reading and do not have the opportunity to buy books. I am very lonely as my husband is away from home most of the time. I am very much interested in crocheting and can do some fancy work. I enjoy writing very much, and reading letters, also receiving cards.

I should like to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends and should be very thankful for the *Cheerful Letter*, also some scrap pieces such as calico, gingham, or percale. I give for reference Rev. John Wimbish, Stuart, Virginia. Address, Mrs. Harry Nelson, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

19. Eleanor M. Blankenship, Sandy Level, Virginia, R. D. 1, a little schoolgirl, would enjoy simple reading and pictures.

20. A friend of my mother has told me of the *Cheerful Letter* and I have decided to ask for reading for myself and three brothers, aged sixteen, ten, and seven years. I am fourteen, and my mother died nearly two years ago, leaving me to keep house for father and the boys. We all like to read and are so far from a city, town, church, or school, that we have but few advantages. I should like to correspond with some *Cheerful Letter* friend, and should like to take lessons in any of the public school branches if some one would be so kind as to teach me. Grace Lankford, Bedford, Virginia, R. D. 1.

21. Essie A. Rakes, Floyd, Virginia, R. 1, Box 23, a girl of thirteen, asks for books and magazines. Her father is dead, and mother not able to do anything, so that the burden falls on this young girl. She is unable to go to school, the distance is too great, so she will be glad of any help that may be given her.

22. I live on a homestead, eighteen miles from a town that has a public library, and as I am fond of reading I should be very thankful for books and magazines or good reading in any form. I have two little girls, two and six years old. I should be glad to receive some picture books, and children's stories, also. Address, Mrs. Albert Hayes, Weldona, Colorado.

23. Mrs. J. A. Reeher, Wilson, Oregon, living where they have only one mail a month, will appreciate good reading.

24. Mrs. Lou Colins, Ironsburg, Tennessee, a widow with one daughter fifteen years of age, will appreciate any reading. Mrs. Colins is sixty and unable to do very much, and gets very lonely.

25. I have just read one of your *Cheerful Letters*. It certainly is a grand work and such a comfort to people like myself. We are renters and live on the farm nine miles from town, and are too poor to buy much reading. Would it be asking too much of the club to send me some books and magazines, and, best of all, the *Cheerful Letter?* I am in very poor health, and have four children to care for. My husband is at work all the time and I get lonely when I have nothing to read. I cannot work since my health failed and I worry a great deal. My oldest child is a girl of eight years, and the next a girl of six, then a boy of four and a baby seven months old. I should be so glad to get picture books or anything suitable for them. I give as reference Rev. M. T. Pace, Athens, Texas, as he has known me and my husband for years. Mrs. Ella Simmons, Athens, Texas, R. R. 1.

26. Mrs. Julia Jarrell, Bellville, Texas, R. 4, Box 45A, is anxious to receive something to cheer her little sick daughter nine years of age. Mrs. Jarrell has heart trouble, and is unable to do much; the fifteen-year-old has to help outside as well as in, and would appreciate being remembered.

27. Nina Davis, Big Spring, Tennessee, Route 1, a miss of fifteen years, asks for reading.

Mrs. M. Coyburn, Leo, Texas, asks for "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by Hannah Whithall Smith.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. C. A. Vaughn, from Athens to Big Spring, Tennessee, Route 1.

Miss Alma Appleton is now Mrs. Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine.

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## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

JULIA. (*In a low tone to her doll.*) Hush-sh-sh! Hush-sh-sh! (*She sings, keeping time with the trotting of her knee:*)

Upon my knee my baby lies,
Shut your eyes! shut your eyes!
You must not look to see me, but
Shut your eyes and keep them shut.

I cannot trot the baby long,
Sing a song! sing a song!
You must not wink, and try to peep,
But shut your eyes and go to sleep.

Mrs. St. George. Come, Julia, it is time for you to learn your lesson. You must put your doll away this minute, and take your book.

Julia. (*In a low and whispering voice.*) In one minute, mother, Angelina is almost asleep. Hush-sh-sh! She'll be asleep in a few minutes, and then I'll come.

Mrs. St. George. No, Julia, you must come now. You take no pleasure in anything but play. And you're getting so backward in your studies that I really am ashamed of you. All the girls of your age are more forward than you. (Mrs. St. George *goes to Julia, takes the doll from her, and puts it in the cradle, and takes the cradle away.*) There, you've played with the doll long enough. Get your slate and your book, and take your seat and study your lessons.

(*She gets a book and a slate, and sits down in a little chair by the fire.* Mrs. St. George *at the same time opens her work table, and seats herself at her sewing.*)

Julia. (*To herself.*) Now the first thing is to copy off ten long words on the slate. The teacher said we might get as long words as we pleased. I mean to write mine just as well as I can. (*She looks into her book.*) There is a good long word—dif-dif-difference. I'll write that. Two f's. I must not forget the two f's.

Mrs. St. George. Don't keep talking so all the time. Can't you study without talking? (Julia *writes in silence.*)

Julia. There! (*She puts her finger suddenly to her lips, as if to stop her talking, and looks again in her book.*)

Mrs. St. George. What are you doing, Julia? What is your lesson?

Julia. I am writing down words on the slate. I am going to write ten. I have written one, but the next one is Washington, and it begins with a W, and I don't know exactly how to make a W. Could you spare the time, mother, to make one for me on the slate, to show me how?

Mrs. St. George. Come here and let me see your slate. What is that first word?

Julia. That is difference, mother.

Mrs. St. George. What shocking writing! nobody could ever know what word that was intended for. What are those two long scrawls for?

Julia. Why, mother, those are the f's. There must be two f's and so I made two. But, if they are too long I will rub out part of them. (*She wets her finger to rub out part of the f's.*)

Mrs. St. George. Stop, stop, that will only make the matter worse. I should think you could write better than that.

Julia. Why, mother, it is only because I am just beginning to write.

Mrs. St. George. Such a large girl as you are!

Julia. (*Timidly.*) I'm only eight, mother.

Mrs. St. George. Then, besides, I don't see what good it does you to write a list of long unmeaning words.

Julia. Why, the teacher gave that to us, for a part of our lesson.

Mrs. St. George. The teacher ought to know better than to give you such a lesson.

Julia. (*After a pause, and sighing.*) But, mother, it is the only teacher I have got—and I don't know what I can do.

Mrs. St. George. Well, go back to your place and finish the lesson, and you must find some other word to write. I can't leave my work now to show you how to make a W, and you must take care and learn immediately how to make all the letters for yourself.

Julia. (*Goes back to her seat, and continues her writing.*) If I could only find out *how* to make them!

Mrs. St. George. And what is the next thing that you have got to do, after writing your ten words?

Julia. The next thing is to write a little sentence on the slate. We have got to make up the sentence. The teacher said we might tell in it what we saw when we were coming home from school.

Mrs. St. George. Well, that's a more sensible thing. Let the rest of the words go, and begin your sentence now.

Julia. Well, mother, I will.

(Mrs. St. George *rings the table bell.*)

Mrs. St. George. Susan, do you know whether Mrs. Warner is at home?

Susan. Yes, ma'am, I think she is.

Mrs. St. George. Go up to her room and present my compliments to her, and ask her if she cannot come down and sit with me an hour this evening. Tell her that Mr. St. George has gone away and that I am all alone.

Susan. Yes, ma'am, I will. (*She goes out.*)

Julia. Mother, will you tell me, please, how to spell carriage?

Mrs. St. George. Why, what do you want to know for?

Julia. Because I want to say in my sentence that I saw a carriage in the street when I was coming home.

Mrs. St. George. And you don't know

how to spell it. I should be ashamed if I were such a great girl as you and not know how to spell a common word as carriage. It is c-a-r-r-i-a-g-e. But after this you must not interrupt me by asking so many questions. You are asking questions of me all the whole time.

(JULIA *tries to write carriage, but she cannot remember all the letters of the spelling of it, and looks discouraged. Presently she sighs and lays down her pencil.*)

SUSAN. Mrs. Warner says that she is assisting Anna a little about her lessons, but that she will come down in half an hour.

Mrs. ST. GEORGE. Very well.

(JULIA *sits with her slate and her book in her lap, looking listlessly into the fire, and presently begins to trot the slate, as she had done the doll, and to sing in a low undertone:*)

Upon my knee my baby lies,
Shut your eyes—shut your eyes.
You must not look to see me—But,
But—(*She nods, and presently falls asleep.*)

Mrs. ST. GEORGE. (*After a pause.*) Julia!

JULIA. (*Starting up.*) What, mother? I am not asleep. I'm not sleepy a bit.

Mrs. ST. GEORGE. But it is time for you to go to bed. Besides, I expect company pretty soon, and so you must go to bed now. I don't suppose that you have done your lesson. You idle away so much time. (*She rings the bell.*) I'm afraid you never will learn anything. (*Enter* SUSAN.) Susan, take Julia and put her to bed.

SUSAN. Yes, ma'am.

*Dialogue by Jacob Abbott.*

(*To be continued.*)

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### MAX; THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A wonderfully intelligent, lovable, and well-bred collie was Max, the hero of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's book, "Dog Stars."

He was different from all other dogs, writes Mrs. O'Connor. His eyes, deep brown, thoughtful, kind, intelligent, and, above all, reasonable, were unforgetable. He was dumb, but he spoke continually with those true, honest eyes.

One night, after he had been with us a few months, he went out at seven o'clock and did not come back. It was dreadful weather in January, raining, sleeting, and very cold. At eleven o'clock I called and whistled; there was no sight or sound of him, the street was empty, and I finally closed the door with a very heavy heart. Although his collar bore the inscription,

MAX, T. P. O'CONNOR'S FRIEND,
38, GROSVENOR ROAD, S.W.,

that would surely bring him back, if only for the reward, I felt disappointed in him; he seemed so wise, and it was positively stupid to get lost.

I slept badly, and asked Annie the moment she fetched my tea if there was any news of Max. She said no, and I dressed, wrote out a description of him, slipped on my waterproof, for it was still raining, and started for the nearest police station. Walking down Grosvenor Road toward Westminster, I passed an untenanted house, and there on the doorstep sat Max, wet and bedraggled, beside a sick dog who, stretched at his feet, was breathing heavily. Max stooped his noble head and licked him. Lifting it he saw me, and gave a succession of joyful, explanatory barks. He knew that help had come, and he told me why he had been out all night.

I got a policeman to carry the dog to the Dogs' Home, and Max followed behind, saw the stranger safely sheltered, then ran back to Grosvenor Road. He was too much fatigued to eat, but drank thirstily and slept all the rest of the day.

The policeman on night duty said that at nine o'clock he had seen Max seat himself by the helpless stray spaniel, and every hour, when he passed, Max was still keeping faithful watch, and occasionally stooping his head to give the sick dog a lick of encouragement and cheer.

There never was such a softener of obdurate hearts as he—never any dog and few human beings possessed of such boundless tact. We were together one evening, travelling in the underground. A pale, worried, dyspeptic-looking man got in at Kensington Station, seated himself opposite us, pushed his hat wearily back from his forehead, unfolded a newspaper, and began to read. Max jumped down from his place beside me, set himself in front of the stranger, and laid his paw gently on his knee. The man took no notice of him. He tried the other paw on the other knee. Still there was no response. He then jumped lightly on the seat beside the gentleman and leaned against his shoulder. The man read on. Max leaned more and more trustingly toward him, but the man completely ignored him. The minutes were slipping by—we were to get out at Sloane Square—when, quite gently and softly, Max dropped his silky paw on the man's opened newspaper. The man turned to find the dog smiling amiably in his very face.

"You've conquered, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with him. "I don't like dogs, but if they were all like you I'd bless the tribe."—*The Youth's Companion.*

## CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

### THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

*(Continued from last number.)*

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had grown. For this purpose he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge which he had never observed before she had been transmuted by the effect of his kiss. The change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvellous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets and tell them that their hair likewise had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning I have hated the very sight of all other gold save this."—*Nathaniel Hawthorne, in "The Wonder Book."*

*(Concluded.)*

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THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE,
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,
March 30, 1916.

*Dear Miss Clarke,*—I thank you very much indeed for the twenty dollar cheque, which I will forward immediately to Leonard Hawksley, who is starting a new hospital close to the front, and who has complained to me of the suffering of the horses that have to be operated on without any anæsthetic. I will mail it to-day so that there will not be any delay. I have not had much money sent in, and have had to use some of it in order to get my cases of bandages for the wounded horses started. The British War Relief in New York City does not amount to anything as far as forwarding cases is concerned, and I have had to send on my own responsibility through the Cunard Steamship Line. I sent two cases this week to the Southampton Docks Hospital in England, where there is a most excellent nurse that I know about, and where also they will notify my dear friend (by correspondence) Mrs. Florence Suckling, whom I often speak of and quote in my paper. Mrs. Suckling has begged me for bandages for the wounded horses and for anything else for the soldiers. She is buying some of the feeble horses that are not fit to go to war. She is also getting dogs licensed that belong to the soldiers, and is taking care of them. She is doing a wonderful work and I could send your money to her only I sent her some a short time ago that was given me by a friend. She writes me she has not used it all up as yet as she is using it very sparingly.

I have not sent the books I wrote you about anywhere as yet. I will soon make a bundle of magazines and send them to the Sailors' Haven, but I think I will send the box of books South as I find the freight on them is not as much as I at first thought. I have a set of "Waverley Novels" and a number of other old-fashioned novels that might be read and appreciated in these distant country places which I have read of in *Cheerful Letter.* I have marked a number of places in your last *Cheerful Letter* where I am going to send sets of my stories about animals as there are children in the families that need reading.

It is strange that I do not get any donations or bequests for our humane educational work, but I think the people have no idea how much we do in that line, and they also seem to think that the American Humane Education Society either are doing enough, or else ought to do it all, and so give all their money for that sort of work to them. I am on their board of directors, and I really do not think they are as generous with their literature as we are here at the League, or that they have as many little stories that appeal to children that they send out as we have. I should publish more of my stories in leaflet form if the people only would help us in this part of our work,—still I am so thankful that we receive help enough to keep up our very large work that we are doing for the horses, dogs, and cats without getting into debt year after year that I ought not to say one word of complaint. Indeed, I think I have been signally blessed in this work I am trying to do, and I am grateful every day of my life for what help I have received in carrying on this work.

Sincerely yours,
ANNA H. SMITH.

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The cheque spoken of in this letter was money contributed by the members of a Boston Alliance in memory of Frances

Power Cobbe some years ago. The memorial to Miss Cobbe unfortunately was not pressed as it might have been. This would be an excellent time to renew the effort. Of course, we cannot make appeals for money in the *Cheerful Letter*, but any one who is interested in this object, helping wounded horses, might take it up elsewhere. The letter from Mrs. Smith explains the situation.

L. F. C.

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There are moments when the grace of God stirs sensibly in the human heart; when the soul seems to rise upon the eagle wings of hope and prayer into the heaven of heavens; when caught up, as it were, into God's very presence, . . . we seem to know him and be known of him; and if it were possible for any man at such a moment to see into our souls, he would know all that is greatest and most immortal in our beings. . . . That such solitary musing—such penetrating, even in this life, "behind the veil"—such sudden kindlings of celestial lightning which seem to have fused all that is basest and meanest within us in an instant and forever—that these supreme crises are among the recorded experiences of the Christian life, rest upon indisputable testimony of evidence and of fact.—*Canon Farrar.*

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## *JUST FOR TO-DAY.*

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to urge my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill its space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Peer not through the sheltering bars
At to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts.*

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### GOD A VERY PRESENT HELP.

*Psalm* xlvi. 1.

Moment by moment, Lord,
I come to Thee;
Yea, every moment, Lord,
My helper be.

I can do nothing, Saviour,
Without Thee;
I can do all things, if
Thou strengthen me.

Thou bidst me come, and this
Is my sure plea.
According to thy word,
Lord, quicken me.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—*Psalm* xlvi. 1.

I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.—*Isaiah* xxvii. 3.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—*Isaiah* xli. 10.

For without Me ye can do nothing.—*John* xv. 5.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Philippians* iv. 13.

Before they call, I will answer.—*Isaiah* lxv. 24.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.—*Isaiah* lv. 6.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.—*Psalm* cxix. 107.

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No one can ever become quite solitary, quite poor, quite miserable, who can truly say, "Lord, if only I have thee." That is just the time when God makes his consolation most gratifying and abundant when we through distress of body and soul have turned from all temporal things to him, and have learned that royal, overshadowing "only thee."—*Theodore Christlieb.*

## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

### I.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

In each of the following ten sentences a word of five letters is omitted. When these ten words are rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous poet.

1. Idle —— are always meddling.
2. A bird is —— by its note and a man by his talk.
3. Make yourself all —— and the flies will devour you.
4. A —— is a fool's argument.
5. —— A fool your finger, and he will take your whole hand.
6. A small leak will sink a —— ship.
7. A person's —— ought to be his greatest secret.
8. He that shows his ill temper —— his enemy where he may hit him.
9. A rascal —— rich has lost all his kindred.
10. Do as most do and —— will speak ill of thee.

—*Herman H. Howard in The Beacon.*

### II.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. The Black Prince.
2. Diedrich Knickerbocker.
3. Good Gray Poet.
4. Old Harry.
5. A Little Crooked Interrogation Mark.

### III.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

*Famous Men:*—Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

20, 8, 15, 13, 1, 19—18—13, 1, 18, 19, 8, 1, 12, 12, Vice-President of the United States.

18, 15, 7, 5, 18,—23, 15, 12, 3, 15, 20, 20, A Governor of Massachusetts.

23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13,—7—13, 3, 1, 4, 15, 15, Secretary of the Treasury.

3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19,—19, 21, 13, 14, 5, 18, A senator from Massachusetts.

7, 5, 15, 18, 7, 5,—4, 5, 23, 5, 25, An admiral of the United States Navy.

### IV.

CONCEALED SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

Find six names of men and women taken from Shakespeare's plays.

"Come in! Don't pretend that you're shy! Lock the door, please, for the catch is weak. So you are back from Fairport? I am glad to see you looking so well. What news, you ask? O, the Lloyds have returned from South America! I knew her when she was Lelia Gordon and lived in Rome. O, Rome, New York, not Italy. She is Julie Todd's cousin. You would like her; she detests all show and sham. Let me see, can't you dine with us?"—*Youth's Companion.*

### V.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Warred Through South.
2. Ever Alert.
3. Great Philanthropist.
4. Wise Sayings.
5. Writer Illustrious.

*Answers to puzzles in the April number.*

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Patriot's Day.

II. JUMBLED FLOWERS.—1. Goldenrod. 2. Foxglove. 3. Dahlia. 4. Ox-eye daisy. 5. Fuchsia. 6. Bachelor's-button. 7. Jonquil. 8. Heliotrope. 9. Daffodil. 10. Tiger lily.

III. HALF SQUARE.—S N O W
N O R
O R
W

IV. ACROSTIC.—

**S** H E R B O R N E
C **H** A M P L A I N
C H **A** E R O N E A
Y A N **K** E E D O M
T E L E **S** C O P E
S A C R I **P** A N T
E L I Z A B **E** T H
S A L I S B U **R** Y
H A M P S H I R **E**

Shakspere.

The spelling of the name Shakspere is that used in the Century Cyclopedia of Names.

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Prayer is not so much the means whereby God's will is bent to man's desires, as it is that whereby man's will is bent to God's desires.—*Charles H. Brent.*

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is 633 3d Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

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LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, May 5, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

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The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

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In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

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**Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.**

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**Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.**

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**Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.**